

Harry Connick, Jr. "There's No Business Like Show Business"

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The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the clerk
Are secretly unhappy men because
The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the clerk
Get paid for what they do but no applause
They'd gladly bid their dreary jobs goodbye
For anything theatrical and why

There's no business like show business
Like no business, I know

Everything about it is appealing
Everything, the traffic will allow
Nowhere could you get that happy feeling
When you are stealing that extra bow

There's no people like show people
They smile when they're low
Even with a turkey that you know will fold
You may be stranded out in the cold
Still you wouldn't change it for a sack of gold
Let's go on with the show

The costumes, the scenery, the makeup, the props
The audience that lifts you when you're down
The headaches, the heartaches, the backaches, the
flops
The sheriff who escorts you out of town
The opening when your heart beats like a drum
The closing when the customers won't come

There's no business like show business
Like no business, I know

You get word before the show has started
That your favorite uncle died at dawn
Top of that, your pa and ma have parted
You're broken hearted but you go on

Ooh, there's no people like show people
They never ever run out of dough

Yesterday, they told you, "You would not go far"

That night you opened and there you are
Next day, on your dressing room they've hung the star
Let's go on with the show, on with the show
On with the show, on with the show

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